

ANNUAL



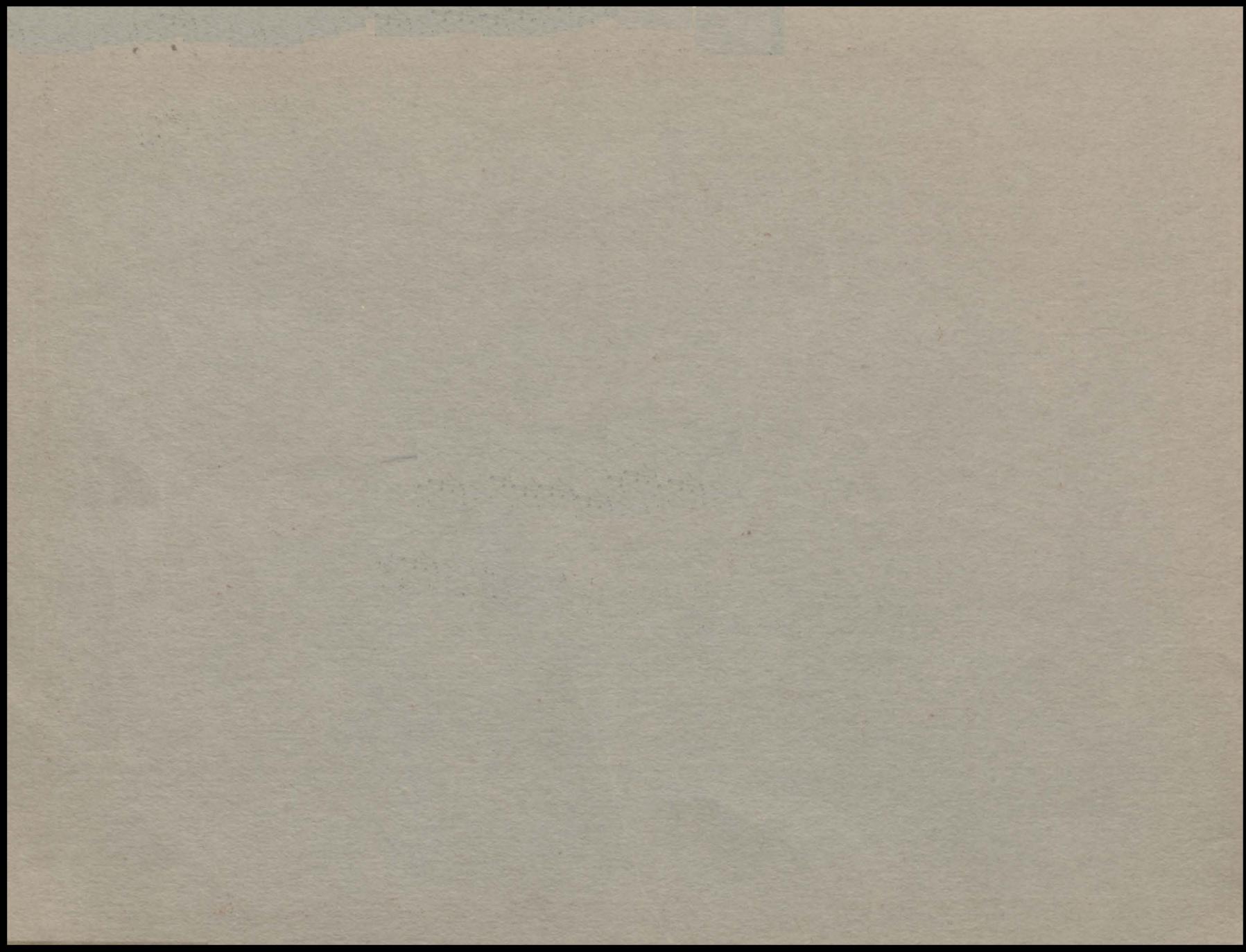
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BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL



BLOOMFIELD HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL

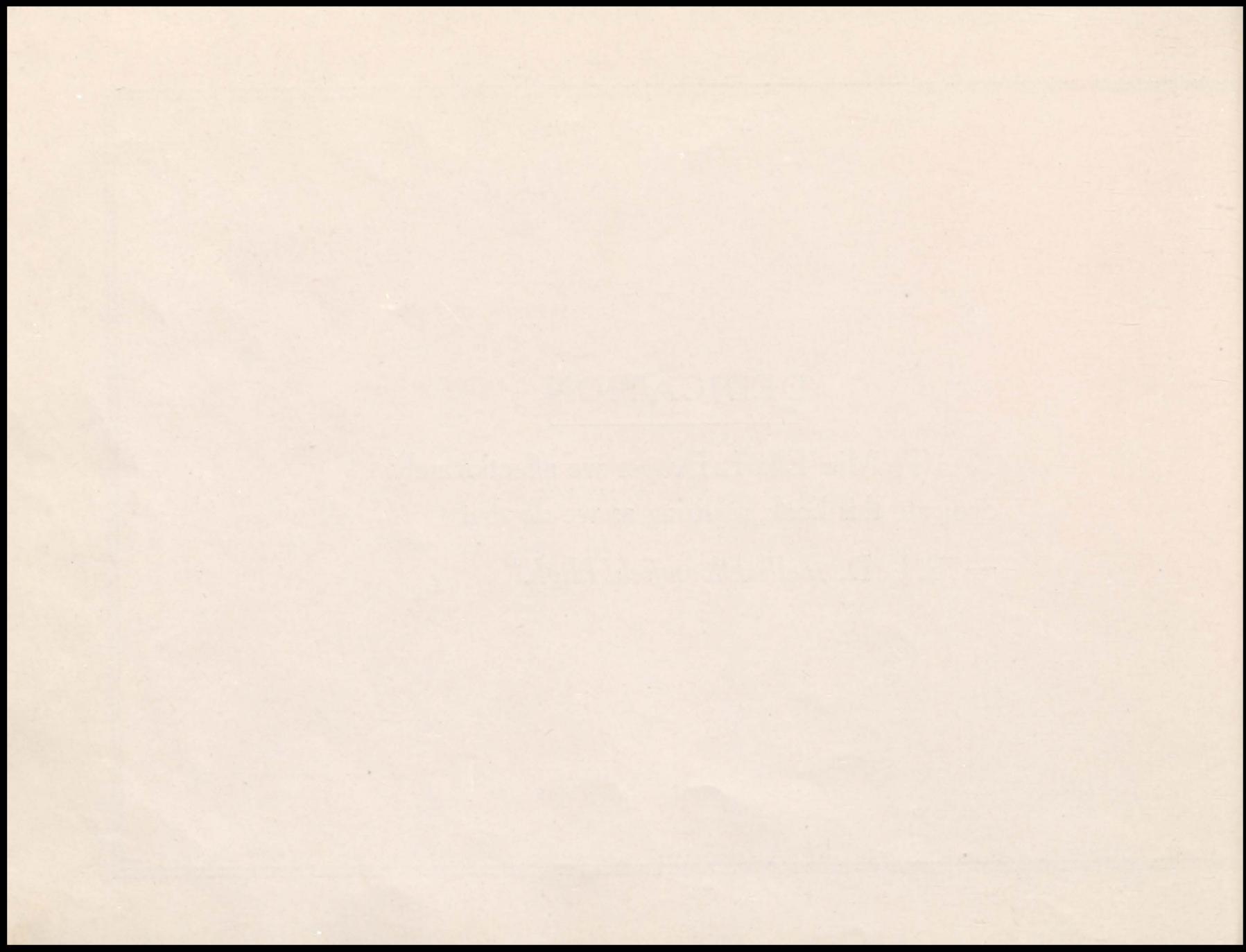
NINETEEN :- HUNDRED :- AND :- SEVENTEEN

*Designed & Printed by the
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240 Main Street, Orange, N. J.*

DEDICATION

To Miss Ella L. Draper we affectionately
dedicate this book, realizing as we do that

—“E. L. D. *spells Bloomfield High.*”



IN MEMORIAM

Martha Hawley Hasbrouck



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PALMER CUNNING

Pat

"And he by no uncommon lot
Was famed for virtues he
had not."
O.—The Life of O. Henry.
Entered 3; A. A. 3, 4; Mgr.
Football 4; Ass't Mgr. Base-
ball 3; Tennis team 3; Class
Pres. 4.



IRENE PALLISER

Rene

"I am wealthy in my
friends."
O.—How Women's Clubs
are Showing the Way.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 1, 2, 3,
4; Class Sec. 3, 4; K. C.;
Canning Demonstration.

JOSEPHINE BOUTON

Dody

"A merry heart maketh a
cheerful countenance."
O.—Descriptive Powers of
Music.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4,
V. Pres. 3, Pres. 4; C. C. 1,
2, 3, 4, Sec. 4; B. B. Mgr. 4;
Class Sec. 2, Class V.-Pres.
4; Chairman Class Day
Committee; K. C.



HAROLD SAILE

Sailsie

"You sunburnt sickleman,
of August weary,
Come hither from the fur-
row and be merry."
O.—Facts about Linen.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class B. B.
3, 4; Baseball 1, 2; Class
Pres. 1; Class Treas. 4.





JEAN SAVILLE
Skinny

"I find excuses for myself."
O.—The Naval Reserve.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 4,
Treas. 4; C. C. 3, 4; Editor-in-Chief Annual.



VIRGINIA GILSON
Gin

"Mathematics make men subtle."
O.—Question Box.
Entered 2; A. A. 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4; Assistant Editor Annual; K. C.

BRISEIS TEALL
Bri

"I seem to inhale learning."
O.—An American.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4,
Chairman Literary Com. 4;
B. B. 2, 3, 4; Class B. B. 1,
3, 4, Capt. 3; G. T. 2, 3, 4,
Capt. 4; 1st Honor Student;
Assistant Editor Annual;
Rem; K. C.



GEORGE RICHTER
Richt

"Arts which I lov'd."
O.—The New York Curb Market.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Art Editor Annual; Rem.





ERVIN BELL

Erv

"The bell, it goeth."

O.—Fords.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Pres. 4;
Class B. B. 1, 2, 3, 4; Capt.
1, 3, 4; Football 1; Track 1,
2, 3; Mgr. 1; Business Manager
Annual.



HELEN MORRIS

Helen

"Good health and good
sense are two of
Life's greatest blessings."
O.—Dr. Grenfell.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Member of
Executive Committee 4; C.
C. 1, 2, 3, 4.

ELEANOR DURR

Eleanor

"The little maid would
have her will."

O.—The Girl and the Profes-
sion.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra
1, 2; K. C.



FLOYD BERDAN

Flo

"Then he will talk—good
gods, how he will talk."

O.—Financing War.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 4, Pres.
4; B. B. 3, 4; Class B. B.;
Football 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3,
4; Capt. 4; Advertising Manager
Annual; Class Treas. 1;
Rem.





VIRGINIA GARVIN

Garvie

"I want a hero."
O.—Woolen manufacturing.
Entered 2; A. A. 2, 3, 4; C.
C. 4.



JEANETTE HIGGINS

Jen

"Better late than never."
O.—Woman Suffrage.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

FRANK CHRISTIE

Christie

"I have a great work in hand."
O.—Fortunes and Prizes
Waiting to be Won.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Sec. and
Treas. 4; L. C. 3, Treas. 3;
C. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Treas. 4.



FLORENCE CLELAND

Flo

"Men may come and men
may go, but I talk on for-
ever."
O.—The Red Cross.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; B. B. 1, 2,
3, Rem.; Class B. B. 1, 3, 4.





LOIS TICE

Ticey

"Happy am I; from care I'm
free!
Why aren't they all con-
tent like me?"
O.—The Trained Nurse and
Her Future.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 4; K. C.



J. COLLINS TAYLOR

Jack

"Blessings on thee, little
man."
O.—Paper Milk Bottles.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; G. T. 2, 3;
Class B. B. 2.

JESSIE EGAN

Jess

"The woman is either mad,
or else she's writing
verses."
O.—A Journey Through the
Land of Make-Believe.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; 5th Honor
Student; Rem.



SIDNEY KOPPEL

Sid

"Let not thy hair be out of
order."
O.—Effect of War on
Science.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4;
Orchestra 3, 4; C. C. 3, 4.





MABEL CHANCE
Maybelle

"If chance will have me
king, why chance may
crown me."

O.—Aviation.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4.



CHIPMAN WALKER
Chippie

"Would he were fatter!"

O.—Smuggling.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; B. B. 3, 4;
Baseball 3, 4.



JOHN GOGGIN
Jack

"Why should life all labor
be?"

O.—Life on the Border.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 3, 4.



MARGARET BALLARD
Peg

"Begone dull care! thou
and I shall never agree."

O.—America's Mineral

Wealth.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 1, 2,
3, 4.



CATHERINE SCHWALM
Kate

"Ah, mark the merry maid."
O.—The War's Influence on
American Toys.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Day
Committee; Rem.; Canning
Demonstration.



DEAN McCRODDAN
Pinkie

"You speckled-faced old
hero, Captain Dean!" (Kyte)
O.—Whaling.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Treas. 3; B.
B. 3, 4; Football 2, 3, 4;
Capt. 4; Track 2.

MARIE RAAB
Crabby

"Let cheerfulness abound
with industry."
O.—The Silk Worm and Its
Work.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; G. T. 2; K. C.



LLOYD WALKER
Stretch

"He that gathereth in sum-
mer is a wise son."
O.—Some Literary Frauds.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Class B. B.
2, 3.





LURA VAN TASSEL
Tassel

"I am resolved to grow fat."
O.—A Trip to Ellis Island.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 2, 3, 4.



PERRY LOESCH
Luscious

"Why waste time in idle words?"
O.—Explosives.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1,
2, 3, 4; C. C. 4; Class Day
Committee.

MILDRED SCHOONMAKER
Mill

"A quiet conscience makes
one so serene!"
O.—Some Facts about Cork.
Entered 3; A. A. 3, 4.



WILMER HEDDEN
Ted

"He is a flatterer."
O.—Progress in Aviation.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2; G.
T. 3; Rem.



EDNA WOOD

Ted

"She speaks with a monstrous small voice."
O.—Japanese Shrines and Pilgrims.
Entered 3; A. A. 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4; K. C.



EDITH HAPEMAN

Ede

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."
O.—American Indian Day.
Entered 2; A. A. 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3; C. C. 3, 4.

ELIZABETH LAMBERT

Elizabeth

"Lightly was her slender nose
Tip-titled like the petal of a flower."
O.—Teaching the Blind.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; B. B. 4; Class B. B. 1, 3, 4; Class Day Committee; K. C.



BENNETT ASBURY

Benny

"A very lion among the ladies."
O.—Stock Yards.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4; Class Day Committee.





ELIZABETH JOHNSON
Beth

"My tendency is to philosophise."
O.—Children of the Colonial Days.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Rem.; Canning Demonstrations; K. C.



ALLAN WILCOX
Dominie

"Proud of his learning, just enough to quote."
O.—Library Tools.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4, Chairman Literary Com. 3; C. C. 4; Football 4; 3rd Honor Student.



WILBUR COX.
Coxie

"Feet that are swift."
O.—The General Organization in Schools.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4; Track 4, Mgr. 4; C. C. 3, 4; Class B. B. 4; Class Day Committee.



MARGARITA MONTERO
Marg

"In amber scent of odorous perfume her harbinger."
O.—Life and Customs in a Central American State.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 2, 3, 4; C. C. 1, 2, 3.



MARIONNE VAN HOUTEN
Toddy

"Faithful in little; faithful in much."

O.—The American Ambulance Hospital.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 1, 2, 3, 4; Rem.; K. C.; Canning Demonstration.



GEORGE HEPBURN
Dearie

"Silence accompanied him."

O.—Some Triumphs of Modern Engineers.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.

GRACE FISMER
Gracious

"Her stature tall."

O.—Swimming.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4; Sec. 3; B. B. 2, 3, 4, Capt. 3, 4; Class B. B. 1, 3, 4, Capt. 1; G. T. 2, 3, 4; 2nd Honor Student; K. C.



HELEN MAE COGAN
Helen Mae

"Centuries passed and her hair became curlier."

O.—Nuisances and Evils of Advertising.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 4; K. C.





ANTHONY ZACHAREVICH

Zach

"A mind forever voyaging
through strange seas of
thought alone."

O.—What Synthetic Chemistry
is Doing.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4;
C. C. 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2,
3, 4.



FRANCES WELTE

Peanuts

"Gentle of speech but abso-
lute of rule."

O.—Salvaging Human
Wrecks.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 4.



ESTHER MURDOCK

Nooky

"Though I am not splen-
tive and rash,
Yet have I something in me
dangerous."

O.—Why Oriental Rugs are
Expensive.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.



HARRY GEIB

Geibie

"He must make hay while
the sun shines."

O.—Food Values.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 3, 4.



FRANK WITTBERG

Hank

"He blushes, all is safe."
O.—Clearing House.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; Rem.



HAZEL BROWN

Brownie

"Of manners gentle, of affections mild."
O.—The Structure of the Bird.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; C. C. 2, 4.

EVELYN NOBLE

Ev

"Better not be at all
Than not be noble."
O.—Plattsburg.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4, V.-Pres. 4;
L. C. 3, 4; B. B. 2, 3, 4; Class
B. B. 1, 3, 4, Capt. 4; G. T.
2, 3, 4; Class Sec. 2; 4th
Honor Student.



ROBERT TAYLOR

Bob

"General Taylor never sur-
renders."
O.—The Milk Strike.
A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4.





JAMES KYTE

Jimmie

"I am strong and lusty."

O.—Sharks.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; B. B. 3, 4,
Capt. 4; Class B. B. 1, 2, 3,
4; Football 2, 3, 4; G. T. 2;
V.-Pres. Class 2.

EVA THOMPSON

Tibby

"She danced and danced as
if she never would grow
old."

O.—An Evening with the
Pueblo Indians.

A. A. 1, 2, 3, 4; L. C. 3, 4,
Chairman Social Com. 3, 4;
C. C. 1, 2, 3; Class B. B. 4;
Class Day Committee; K. C.



LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS.

B. B.—Basketball.

G. T.—Gym Team.

K. C.—Knitting Club.

Rem.—Remington Award.

O.—Title of Senior Oration.

A. A.—Athletic Association.

L. C.—Latin Club.

C. C.—Choral Class.

Prominent Characteristics

Ballard—Her happy-go-lucky way.

Bouton—Her snicker.

Brown—Her pretty clothes.

Chance—Her ready response to teasing.

Cleland—Her excitement at basketball games.

Cogan—Her wavy tresses.

Durr—Her English marks.

Egan—Her temperament.

Fismer—Her love for the noon Math. class.

Garvin—Her singing.

Gilson—Her skill in the use of sarcasm.

Hapeman—Her preparedness.

Higgins—Her tardiness.

Johnson—Her gestures.

Montero—Her Oriental perfumes.

Murdock—Standing up for her convictions.

Noble—Her neat printing and writing.

Palliser—Her aversion to the boys.

Raab—Her inability to keep her jewelry.

Schoonmaker—Her precision.

Schwalm—Her giggling.

Teall—Her reports (historical and otherwise).

Thompson—Her bashfulness.

Van Houten—Her admiration for movie actors
and sailor boys.

Van Tassel—Her fondness for canoeing.

Welte—Her explosions in the Chemistry Lab.

Wood—Her aversion to being called shy.

Tice—Her dry humor.

Morris—Her cheerfulness.

Lambert—Her love of brown sugar.

Asbury—His devotion to his Packard "12."

Bell—His ability as a manager.

Berdan—His aversion to talking.

Christie—His studious air.

Cox—His track work.

Cunning—His success in making people think he's
bashful.

Davis—His attachment to the office.

Geib—His great size.

Goggins—His delight in teasing.

Hedden—His groundless arguments.

Hepburn—His earnestness.

Koppel—"Tickling the ivories."

Kyte—Occasional witty remarks.

Loesch—His aversion to the girls.

McCroddan—His basketball playing.

Richter—His art work.

Saile—His shyness when around the girls.

J. C. Taylor—His gym work.

Robt. Taylor—His farm products (?).

Wilcox—His sight translations in Latin.

Wittberg—His reserve.

Zacharevich—His mania for counts.

Saville—His bluffing.

C. Walker—His semi-collapsibility.

L. Walker—Human test tube cleaner.

Class Will

WE, the Class of 1917, do hereby devise, bequeath, and publish this, our final and irrevocable Will and Testament, disposing of rights, privileges, duties, and obligations at some time or other owned, claimed, or assumed by us, the said Class of 1917.

To the Seniors:

1. The honorable and (probably) indisputable title of Seniors;
2. Duty of entertaining with Senior orations, their helpless audience;
3. Right to serve as an example to underclassmen;
4. Duty of publishing an "Annual," bearing this one in mind as an ultimately unattainable achievement;
5. Obligation to lead in all school activities;
6. Responsibility for School Spirit.

To the Juniors:

1. Right to follow the example of the Seniors;
2. Obligation to keep school activities a-stir;
3. Atmosphere of being lower than the upper, and the younger of the elder;
4. Feeling of importance.

To the Sophomores:

1. Satisfaction of not being Freshmen;
2. Understanding of School Spirit;
3. Unquestioning obedience to the faculty;
4. Undisputed right to enter all *possible* school organizations;
5. Opportunity of plunging deep into studies; *for the first time* to the bottom of learning, where they may be delayed by unperceived intricacies.

To the Freshmen:

Following rights:

1. To become members of High School, and candidates for "B's";
2. To lead all classes in A. A. membership percentage.

Also this indisputable privilege:

To hold as their golden rule the motto: "With Obedience to All and Superiority toward None."

To all Girls:

Custom of attracting the boys' attention.

To all Boys:

Right of being caught in the girls' door at 8:59.

To all Students:

Right to study and graduate.

Duty and obligation to keep up the reputation of B. H. S. gained by former students; also to cherish, appreciate, and increase it indefinitely.

We also devise, bequeath, and publish as an inseparable part of our Will and Testament, and fully equal to all other parts thereof, the following rights and privileges never owned by us:

To Mr. Morris:

Right and privilege of reminding us by, "Don't let's forget."

To Miss Draper:

The sole privilege, right, and honor

1. Of entertaining in her office all tardy, truant,

and otherwise innocent pupils;

2. Title of Supreme Judge.

To the Faculty:

1. Lively study periods;

2. The right to satisfy ALL pupils with their reports, and keep two copies of each, in case one may be lost;

3. The privilege to teach one period a day to the Senior class, this being the only class in the whole student body with a permeable cranium.

We hereby appoint Miss E. Draper, Miss Smith, and Mr. Lawrence as executors of our Will.

CLASS OF 1917,

Per ANTHONY C. ZACHAREVICH,
Attorney-at-Law (At will).

Class Oracle

AS I was walking up Broad Street one evening in June, 1927, I passed the High School and was surprised to find it lighted up. Suddenly I remembered that the Reunion Dance of the Class of 1917 was being held and that I ought to be inside.

I walked up the steps and attempted to go in, but as I had no ticket, I had to wait for someone I knew to take me in. Wilbur Cox came along at that time, and as he was a teacher in B. H. S., I was admitted immediately. We had to walk the four flights because the elevator was not running.

Upon reaching the gym, we found out that the dance had not yet begun, so I had a chance to talk with some of the fellows who were standing around just as they used to in 1917. The first fellow I met was our one-time President, P. G. Cunningham. He was still a president, but of an Ammunition concern. I questioned him on the cause of his sudden rise in fortune and he told me that his company had been put on its feet by Irv. Bell, the financier, who had also subscribed to most of the stock. No wonder! Flo Berdan came along then and I asked him where he had been for the last few years. "Oh, I moved to Haskell, N. J., on account of my health." But I don't think so. Next I spied Jean Saville talking earnestly to George Richter, and I went over to congratulate him on his latest edition of *Life*. After shaking hands I was asked to help him persuade Richter to give up his job, as *New York Journal* cartoonist, and draw for *Life*.

The music for the first dance started then and I was looking around for a partner when I saw

Evelyn Noble hunting all over the room, presumably for her escort. He did not appear, so we began dancing. As we whirled around the gym, she told me all about herself and her friends. She was a gym instructor at Edna Wood's Select Seminary for Young Ladies in Massachusetts, and she hoped to be able to turn out a basketball team that would beat Grace Fismer's famous Vassar team. Bri Teall, it seemed, was head of the English Department at Mt. Holyoke, and was editing a grammar which would far surpass Woolley's famous handbook.

My next dance was with Helen Mae Cogan. I should have had a dictaphone and a case of records, for she always could talk. She told me that down at Proctor's last week she had a chance to see three old classmates in the "Thrilling Trio"—Sid Koppel at the piano, Anthony Zach at the violin, and Perry Loesch, a tenor soloist. Some thrilling combination! Hazel Brown and Jeanette Higgins were officers in the United Housewife's League. Frank Christie was running a large garage in New York and making good at it, too. Edith Hapeman was a prominent suffrage leader; Elizabeth Lambert was taking a course in interior decoration. Helen Mae didn't say what kind. Esther Murdock married a missionary to China, and Frances Welte was a teacher of Chemistry in the Eighth Grade. I asked Helen Mae how it happened that she was so well informed, and she told me that she was queen of the *Independent Press*' last page, entitled "Gathered Here and There." Wonders will never cease!

My head was reeling after that and feeling the need of refreshment, I sought the punch-bowl. Fighting my way through the crowd, I managed to get a drink and sat down limply in the nearest chair, which happened to be next to Jack Goggin. He seemed to be in a similar condition. He greeted me with "Hello, Benneh, how you was?"

In a short time I found out that Jack was a traveling salesman for Peg Ballard's latest edition of "How to Run a Home." He had met many of his classmates in his travels and had just come from Boston, where Noisy Davis, the reformed sailor, was conducting a revival campaign. Jack said that this was his last stop in a trip from coast to coast. In San Francisco he stayed at the Walker Bros.' hotel. On his way east, he stopped off at St. Louis, where he went to the theatre. Saile, Geib, & Company were playing in a comedy, called "Water." Saile was the leading man and Geib the comedian. Nearing the suburbs of Chicago, Jack saw a large sign along the railroad. It read: "J. C. Taylor—Poultry Fancier." Taylor always did fancy chickens. Jack said he went by Virginia Gilson's International Information Bureau. I guess there are some big business men that can say, "Gilson's Information Bureau did it."

As a Paul Jones started up Jack and I got up and joined in. My first partner was Helen Morris. It seems that Helen was thinking of starting a "Haven of Rest" for wornout teachers. I told Helen she had the right idea and if she needed any assistants, I could find plenty of helpers. Lois Tice was the head nurse of the N. Y. City Hospital, and Maybelle Chance was a Red Cross nurse. Marie Raab and Lura Van Tassel were located on Fifth Avenue, running an exclusive hairdressing and manicuring parlor. Maggie Montero was married and an apiarist on the side. She always did like Buzzer.

V. Garvin was teaching millinery in B. H. S., and Mildred Schoonmaker was Cedar Grove Kindergarten Superintendent and engaged to be married.

At the end of the Paul Jones, I excused myself and walked over to where George Hepburn was standing, looking rather lonely. George isn't talkative usually, but he was then. George still lived in Brookdale, but he kept himself well-informed concerning the rest of the class. He said he had retained Frank Witberg and Wilmer Hedden as his lawyers in a recent breach of promise suit against Irene Palliser, who had become a New York singer. George said he had met Captains Kyte and McCroddan in New York. They were rival pilots of the American Line steamships. George told me Marianne Van Houten and Catherine Schwalm were expert typists in New York. Jessie Egan had started a Bohemian apartment on Washington Square, for stranded novelists. His old friend, Bob Taylor, was trying out a new lamb on his stock farm. Allan Wilcox had gone through college and was president of an insurance company. Flo Cleland, Elizabeth Johnson and E. Durr were expert entertainers.

The next dance I had with Josephine Bouton, Superintendent of John Jacob Astor's Orphan Asylum, No. 16. Well, this was a surprise. She told me her friend, Tibby Thompson, couldn't come because her husband wouldnot let her.

Mr. Connors stopped the music and first call for lights out was issued. We all sang the school song and gave the school yell, three cheers for the Class of 1917. So the dance came to an end.

BENNETT ASBURY.

My last dance was with Bennett Asbury. Between collisions he managed to tell me that he had invented a new complex collapsible car, guaranteed to fit any sink.

JESSIE EGAN.

The Spirit of 1917

LIKE the spirit of New England,
In the days of long ago,
Is the spirit that pervades us
And that makes our hearts to glow.

Girls have quickly changed to women;
Boys have laid aside their sports,
With a manly courage rising
To their cherished land's support.

Some have gone to raise provisions,
For the need of food is great;
Some will swell the ranks of soldiers:
All unite to save our State.

Girls have also shown their spirit—
Ready now for any call,
Quick to help wherever needed,
Knit, or sew, or care for all.

May this dread war soon be ended,
May we meet again once more,
May God keep us all in safety,
Till freedom rolls from shore to shore.

MILDRED SCHOONMAKER, '17.

Education

ALL-POWERFUL Education is our god. He must not be ridiculed, for his wrath lasts a lifetime. He cannot be fawned upon, for he is a just god, and gives his blessings only to those worthy of them. He has the power of lifting the lowest bit of humanity to the realms of

kings and queens. He cannot be monopolized, for he gives all his blessings to no one person. He has caused halls to be erected in which to worship him. But he is like other gods, and demands sacrifices.

We sacrifice at his feet, even as the ancients worshipped their gods. We devote ourselves to his every whim and fancy, and receive some of his favors. We progress each year and climb a little nearer our god.

When we cease to worship Education in his halls, it is to be hoped that he will not be angry with us, but will pass us on to the god of Success, with whom he goes hand-in-hand.

STEPHEN GILSON, '18.

Farm Life

EVERY morn at the stroke of five,
From my bed I'm forced to rise,
My back is lame, my neck is stiff,
I surely could not climb a cliff.

The other fellows down the room,
Have faces long and full of gloom,
When dressing they're inclined to poke,
For farm life surely is no joke.

Out to the long corn rows I go,
And there I hoe and hoe and hoe,
Until the loud hash hammer dinging
Sends me home to dinner singing.

And, oh, what luxuries we taste—
They disappear with greatest haste;
Such bread and butter, pork and beans,
The finest spread you've ever seen.

Then back into the field we go,
For there are rows and rows to hoe,
The work that we are given to do
Just seems as if 'twould ne'er be through.

'Tis evening now, the sun is low,
We've finished hoeing our last row;
With grateful hearts and aching heads
We turn into our nice, soft beds.

MILDRED SCHOONMAKER, '17.

Stoking in the Navy

AFTER enlisting as second class fireman in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, I went home and waited to be called. One week and two days later I received my letter calling me to active duty. I reported at Tompkinsville, Staten Island, and was assigned to duty on the U. S. S. Pentucket, Mine Sweeper. After reporting there to the captain of the ship, I was introduced to the joys of stoking a boiler. While the work is rather hard, one doesn't mind it, as the food is excellent and the sleeping quarters comfortable. One is instructed in his duties and then the Service expects him to do his duty. The chief thing to do to make your lot an easy one is to obey orders and do your best.

GEORGE DAVIS, JR., '17.

Wanted

THE League for Suffering Sailors
And for Famished Farmers, too,
Wants every kind of eatable eats,
That any one can do.

Even though the fudge be hard
And the cake a little stale,
The sailors and the farmers, too,
Will take it by the pail.

For boys are boys, and eats are eats—
The two go hand in hand—
And the more they get, the more they'll think
They're the luckiest in the land.

"Let us honor our boys."

EVELYN NOBLE, '17.

For Our Boys

WE are knitting tonight for our sailor boys,
Eager our pledge to keep;
And our thoughts turn oft 'mid merry jest
and song
To our boys on the rolling deep.

Chorus

Many are the hands that are busy tonight
Knitting jackets soft and warm;
Many are the hopes, knit in colors bright
That our boys be safe from harm.

We are cooking tonight for our farmer boys
The heroes of sod and seed,
Who with spade and plow and their own strong
arms

Answer our country's need.

Chorus

Many are the spoons stirring briskly tonight
Soft masses of fudge and dough;
Many are the faces that then will be bright
Of the boys who wield the hoe.

GRACE FISMER, '17.

SPECIAL CABLE FROM FROH-HEIM

Promptly at 4:45 a. m. (too promptly, to tell the truth) a shrill-toned bugle gives notice that we have reposed on our downy couches long enough. Here and there a head pops up and somebody wants to know why he was woke up in the middle of the night. Over in one corner a scrap starts which soon develops into feudal warfare. Sergeant Wilcox and Corporal Saile do their official worst to stop the stream of such weapons as shoes with feet in them, pillows, and miscellaneous articles. The racket makes the second call at 5:00 a. m. unnecessary. Of course a few fellows like Lambert, Ward, and Lindsay require more than two calls, but certain methods, none of which are practiced in the best of families, are employed to rouse such delinquents.

At 5:15, after we have washed in water whose source is evidently the refrigerator, the roll call sends us all out to perform with loosely controlled "arms," either human or military. Lindsay can be quite acrobatic in rifle drill.

At mess it takes Luke Walton to "present arms" in the manner best adapted to satisfying the inner man. Following mess, our bunks are inspected and there is an opportunity to visit the camp doctor. Most of the cases treated by Doc. Fitch are a common ailment (very common here) called "Overloaditary Stomachitis."

Next comes a drill for forty minutes. Sergeant Wilcox marches majestically at the end of the line with his eagle eye alert. The men in Corporal Saile's squad shiver in terror as the various commands issue sweetly, oh, so sweetly, from his swan-like throat. After the drill we march off to the farm. On the way, Saville often gets "rats" for sneaking out of line to buy a bottle of milk. Bad habit Saville has! He is always in trouble, as usual.

Once at the farm, Skinny and Mike Boughton give excellent imitations of industrious farmers. The long and short of the Tayloring profession are good quiet workers, and Hepburn is our champ farmer. On the whole the Bloomfield delegation has acquired the reputation of being workers and not shirkers.

After a hard morning's work we are cheered by the welcome sight of the "flivver" coming with the grub for dinner. After dinner work begins again and continues until 3:00 when we return to the barracks. Some use the showers, others indulge in various activities such as baseball, quoits, swimming, etc.—(excuse me, Miss Smith). This recreation period, which lasts until 5:15, passes quickly.

At 5:30 supper is served. Again we stampede to the mess-hall. It's a wonder more fellows don't come down with that "Overloaditary Stomachitis."

A short drill at 6:15 ends our day's work, and

from 6:30 to 8:30 we can do anything we wish. There is usually some form of entertainment, for the fellows in camp possess enough ability to keep things going all the time.

At 8:30 the tender tones of "taps" are supposed to lull us to sleep. Sometimes we do get to sleep, but more often we don't. Saville, Lambert, and Saile usually start a quiet little song and are immediately deluged with pillows, shoes (this time without the feet), gravel, and other silencers.

Tricks are always being played on somebody or other; so one has to keep awake a short time to guard himself. Once asleep, we know nothing more until that doggone bugle wakes us up again.

DOMINIE and SKINNY,
Special Reporters for the ANNUAL.

* * *

Conjugation is vexation,
Declension is as bad.
The Periphrastics puzzle me
And Gerunds drive me mad.

* * *

A young lady I know, Clara C.,
(Who is nice as nice as can be)
Says, "In my class there aren't many,
I'm quite sure there aren't *any*,
Who can use the a-pos-tro-phe?"

* * *

Classified Ads

FOUND—Four too many courses on my schedule.
Apply N. E. Pupil.

LOST—My conscience in French exams. Finder
kindly return as I need it badly. Arsene Yors.

FOR RENT—All knowledge of the subject in an
English exam. Apply to J. Egan.

WANTED—A young naval hero with a well dec-
orated uniform. V. Gilson.

WANTED—A megaphone so that the boys in the
corner may hear me. E. Wood.

LOST—My patience while copying Chemistry ex-
periments. If found return to E. Noble.

LOST—My typewriting speed between 2nd and 3rd
floors. Finder return to C. Schwalm.

LOST—My courage in quadratic equations. Finder
please return to A. Junior, Room 207.

LOST—One of my 101½ counts. Finder please
return to Zach, Room 205.

FOUND—Somebody's temper. Owner can have
same by proving ownership.

FOR SALE OR RENT—The word AND. Direc-
tions for misuse supplied free of charge.

LOST—Large piece of Wriggley's Spearmint.

FOUND—An inspiration for an ANNUAL article.
Owner may have same by presenting an accu-
rate description.

Answer Department

Edited by V. GILSON, '17

(All sentimental questions are referred to my well known contemporary Beatrice Fairfax.)

- I. When is the world coming to an end?
Have you gone to school all these years and not yet learned that the world is *round*?
- II. Where does the sun go?
It doesn't; we do.
- III. If the earth suddenly stopped and fell where would it land?
Somebody said in Glen Ridge.
- IV. How deep is the sea?
A stone's throw, more or less.
- V. What is my name?
The same as your father's.
- VI. What am I thinking about?
You are thinking about what I will think when I try to think out what you are thinking about.
- VII. Where did Robinson Crusoe go with Friday on Saturday night?
To hear Sunday.
- VIII. Who is the biggest pest in school?
You are.
- IX. Where did the "Lost Chord" go?
Someone played the "B gone" string and the "Lost Chord" went.
- X. Why are moonlight nights so fascinating?
Moonlight contains a germ which causes Moonitis. Presence of this disease is shown by a tendency toward mooning.
Cure—Judicious indulgence in this tendency.
After effect—Delusion that moonlight

- nights are fascinating.
- XI. How long does it take to go to Hawaii?
We learn in Math. Class that distance divided by rate gives time. Figure it out for yourself.
- XII. Why is Mutt so much taller than Jeff?
Simply because Mutt received a higher education.
- XIII. What is an angle? A circle? An axiom?
A corollary?
An angle is two straight lines shaped like a piece of pie.
A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.
An axiom is anything the teacher has to use but can't prove.
A corollary is a case of adding insult to injury.
- XIV. What is a good teacher?
Any member of our Faculty is a good model.
- XV. How do you like giving an oration?
Giving an oration is little difference from any other ordeal. If you haven't given yours yet, I won't scare you; if you have given it, I like it just as much as you did.
- XVI. What is Science.
Science is an intricate conglomeration of bacteria, backbones, and back work.
- XVII. Who is the best pitcher in the National League?
Why, the one who pitches the most no-hit games.

Junior Department

WE'RE a class of wondrous workers, we're
the ones who are not shirkers
Of the serious, brave and social duties,
ne'er so great before.

Here we'll tell you, never lacking in the things
which we are backing,

Of the things which we are doing—doing here
within the door.

'Tis the purpose of this story and your patience we
implore—

Only this and nothing more.

Found among our greatest treasures, are our lovely
social pleasures.

Oh, the straw ride, Junior laden, revelled in as
ne'er before;

In the gym were prom and dances, stately bows
and dainty glances;

We enjoyed our every moment, as our finest
clothes we wore,

Yes, we danced and ate till 'leven, as our finest
clothes we wore—

Danced and ate and nothing more.

Our protectors, Gay and Wyman, in the rooms
one-five, two-seven,

Both have tried to keep us busy and some know-
ledge in us pour.

History, Physics, Math., and Spanish from our
minds all follies banish.

And the German flag, our heroes bravely from the
Deutsch wall tore,
Oh, the once loved German flag that did make our
spirits sore!

Gone from here forevermore.

Football, track, and baseball called us to the
honors that befall us;

Some as Venus and Apollo stately Roman gar-
ments wore,

Of the tallest and the oldest, of the bravest and the
boldest

To the farm and navy traveled as the heroes did of
yore,

Brave and sturdy-sturdy heroes of the distant days
of yore,

Our brave soldiers evermore.

Yet in spite of great attainments, sacrifices, enter-
tainments,

Still we have not reached the summit by good
pupils reached before;

"Like the Seniors," our ambition can be gained by
no condition

Till we've followed their example and have
passed the Junior door.

And then we'll be the Seniors—yes, grave Seniors
to the core—

Mighty Seniors evermore.

KATHERINE CHRISTIAN, '18.

The Block the Junior Built

THIS is the Block the Juniors built.
This is the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Lamb, Littler than a Dahl, that followed the Bohr, that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block that the Juniors built.

This is the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block that the Juniors built.

This is the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Crystal we had to Hock to get the Price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr

that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

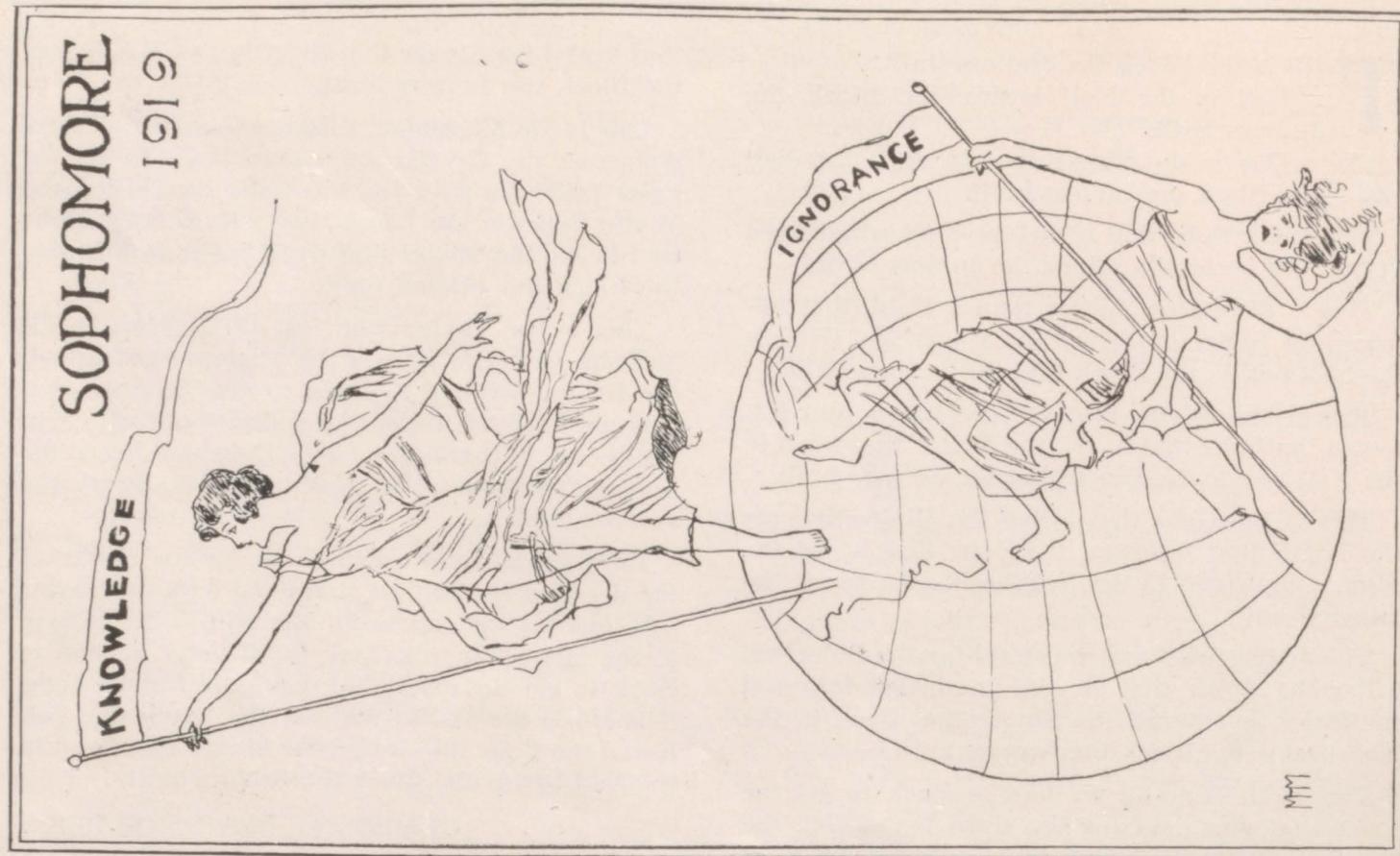
This is the Silverman, Ritscher than Wright-ous, who took the Crystal we had to Hock to get the Price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

This is the Taylor who lost his Behrins to fill McCann Fuller to give to the Silverman who took the Crystal we had to Hock to get the price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

Many more Ayers can be had for the Askin' of the deeds of the Juniors that lived with the Taylor who lost his Behrins to fill McCann Fuller to give to the Silverman who took the Crystal we had to Hock to get the Price that was paid for the Gahs that killed the Wolfe that ate the Lamb that followed the Bohr that heard the Singer that lived in the Noll beside the Block the Juniors built.

COMPOSITE BRAINS OF 1918.

XA Department



XB Department

XB Alphabet

A is Allegiance we pledge to our school;
B is for Bloomfield, the place of its rule.
C is for Cooking, of cake and of pie,
D is for Drawing—it makes us all sigh.
E's Elocution, with breathings and tones—
F is Ben. Franklin, that causes our groans.
G is for Gym, a rest for the brain,
H is for the Honors we hope to attain.
I is for Ink that is borrowed by all—
J is for June—then vacation 'til fall.
K stands for Knights, in our English they're met,
L is the Latin, most interesting yet.
M is for Music Miss Robinson teaches;
N stands for Nonsense that's heard in our speeches.
O is for Zero, a mark we ne'er merit—
P is the Problem, whose myst'ries we ferret.
Q is the Questions all teachers ask,
R is home Reading that's set for our task.
S is the Study we all of us do;
T is for Teachers, who help us get thru'.
U stands for Us, the great Class of '20,
V is our Voices, you've heard them a-plenty.
W's the Will we put forth in our Work;
X is the Unknown, those won't find it who shirk.
Y is for You, who are reading these rhymes;
Z is the Zeppelins, the talk of our times.

1 derful records are we making here,
9 teen twenty will always persevere:
2 make our teachers happy we would ever try—
0 nly please don't ask us this statement to deny.
MILDRED STONE, XB.

The Process of Elimination

TEN little Sophomores sitting in a line,
One went to the office, then there were nine.
Nine little Sophomores wished to know their
fate,
One saw his Latin paper, then there were eight.
Eight little Sophomores thinking they were eleven,
One went to gardening, then there were seven.
Seven little Sophomores trying marks to fix,
One got caught, then there were six.
Six little Sophomores went near a bee-hive,
One got stung, then there were five.
Five little Sophomores in the air did soar,
One lost his balance, then there were four.
Four little Sophomores sailing o'er the sea,
Along came a submarine, then there were three.
Three little Sophomores in an awful stew,
One spoke his mind, then there were two.
Two little Sophomores thought they'd have some
fun,
One went too far, then there was one.
One little Sophomore started on a run,
The Bogey man got after him, then there were
none.

MARTHA PECK, XB.

IXA Department

Ode to Our Warriors

WHERE is our team of yesterday,
The champs of Basketball,
Who fought so well to win the fight?
You've answered a higher call!

Your country needs you badly,
Whether on the farm or sea,
You're just as patriotic,
And you all went willingly!

We're glad we watched you struggle
As you played with all your might,
For now we know what you can do,
And the way to win is—fight!

There are many ways of fighting,
As you all, of course, must know;
And a way which is not easy,
Is the one behind the hoe!

But just scatter with your shovel,
All the things that look like weeds,
And before so many months have passed,
You'll have filled your country's needs.

Just work with all your might and main,
And you'll find when potatoes are dug,
That one enemy you have conquered—
That old potato bug!

RUTH COLLINS, IXA.

The Freshman A

Sailing in the ship Success,
Out upon the sea Distress,
Is the Freshman A.
Gliding over waves of Life,
From the land of Toil and Strife,
To Posterity.

ANDREW WOLFE, IXA.

IXB Department

Our First Day in High School

ONE day in February, 1917, which was a memorable day to all of us, several groups of jolly girls were assembled in the halls of this wonderful High School building, talking—probably—foolishness unless a senior, junior, sophomore, or any *distinguished* person came along; then it was usually Math, or maybe Latin, until the shadow had passed. What a menace to our usual cheerfulness those people were, when they looked at our red ties and hair ribbons and said, "Those Freshmen." Then we would probably glance at our ornaments and consider them, after all, rather babyish; possibly some of us resolved never to wear them again.

The bells that day were terribly tiresome, for they didn't come far enough apart in some cases, in others, too far. Some of our scholars were reciting to the best of their ability, others—well, we'll lay it to the excitement. When noon came and we looked across at those insignificant Park Grammar pupils, it certainly was hard to believe that we had once been among their number. It was considered (by our friends across the way) a great privilege to walk with us, for were we not in High School? In the afternoon, after all lessons were finished, groans could be heard coming from the third floor, such as: "I'll never be able to pass my math," "Isn't the homework terrible?" "Will I never stop using *ands* in English Class?" On the other hand from those who had fared well, "High School's not half as bad as I expected it to be."

F. TEALL, IXB.

A Freshman's Brain Storm

OF all the muddles since February first
This one is certainly the very worst,
For to write a poem to suit the committee
I should have to be exceedingly witty.

I can't make words rhyme, for I've tried and tried
Until my inspiration has almost died;
I had nearly decided to write a song,
But now I fear it may all go wrong.

They say the Freshmen's brains are crude,
A statement I consider rude;
For when it comes right down to facts,
Fame comes from both our brains and acts.

For have we not an author bright
Who told a truant's tale one night?
And have we not an athlete strong
Who made the Senior's record wrong?

ESTER BASSETT, IXB.

ATHLETICS





Football

ON account of the late opening of school, the football team was able to play but six games instead of the usual eight or nine of regular seasons. In spite of this handicap, our coach developed one of the best teams in this vicinity. After defeating Central and Orange in the first two games we were ready to play the big game of the season with East Side. This time we fully avenged the defeat of the year before by winning, with the overwhelming score of 32 to 6. The next game was a catastrophe for Bloomfield. We were outweighed by the heavy St. Benedict's team and several of our men were injured in the fray. Buttinghausen, the quarterback, suffered a broken collar bone, and was out for the rest of the season. The Dover game was easily won, Bloomfield having possession of the ball for nearly the entire game. The Ridgewood game was closely contested

and we often threatened to cross our opponents' goal line.

The regulars who will be here next year are: Capt. James, Collins, Loppacker, Wolfe, Littler, and Buttinghausen.

<i>Date</i>	<i>Bloomfield</i>	<i>Opponents</i>
Oct. 17—Central	13	0
Oct. 20—Orange	13	3
Oct. 28—East Side	32	6
Nov. 7—St. Benedict's	14	25
Nov. 10—Dover	20	0
Nov. 25—Ridgewood	0	6

P. G. CUNNING, MGR.



Basketball

Boys' Basketball

THE basketball season was generally voted a success. We won all but one of our 17 games, losing to Ridgewood by a score of 37 to 41. The two Glen Ridge contests were hard fought, and the cheering was a feature of them. The last game was in doubt until the whistle blew at the close. Those who received their B's were Capt. Kyte, McCroddan, Lambert, Berdan, Walker, Buttinghausen, James, and Mgr. Baldwin. Buttinghausen, Capt.-elect, was chosen for the New Jersey all-scholastic team.

		B. H. S.	Opp.
Jan. 13	Ridgewood	Home 35	29
Jan. 17	Harrison	Home 43	7
Jan. 19	Montclair Normal	Home 42	13
Jan. 24	Open.		
Jan. 26	Morristown	Away 39	23
Jan. 29	Open.		
Feb. 3	Hanover	Home 49	6
Feb. 7	Nutley	Away 35	18
Feb. 9	Belleville	Away 40	30
Feb. 14	West Hoboken	Home 31	26
Feb. 16	South Orange	Home 45	29
Feb. 21	Glen Ridge (Night)	Home 44	26
Feb. 24	Ridgewood	Away 37	41
Feb. 27	East Side	Home 32	15
Mar. 2	Nutley	Home 42	9
Mar. 5	North Plainfield	Home 41	18
Mar. 9	East Side	Away 27	10
Mar. 14	South Orange	Away 26	19
Mar. 16	Glen Ridge (Night)	Away 24	21

JAMES KYTE, Capt.

Girls' Basketball

Miss Russell, Coach Josephine Bouton, Manager

Grace Fismer, Captain

The line-up for this year was as follows: Forwards, Briseis Teall, Evelyn Noble; Guards, Elizabeth Lambert, Madge Wightman; Center, Grace Fismer; Side Center, Ruth Thomas.

The schedule for 1916-17:

		B. H. S.	Opp.
	North Plainfield, at home	9	10
	Orange, at home	7	17
	Rutherford, away	18	9
	Nutley, away	28	13
	Glen Ridge, at home	23	11
	Plainfield, away	4	24
	Rutherford, at home	17	2
	Plainfield, at home	3	15
	Orange, away	7	17
	Nutley, at home	22	8
	Glen Ridge, away	16	14

GRACE FISMER, Capt.



Inter-class

1916 *Girls' Class Team* 1917

Actions speak louder than words" is a well known maxim. However, since the public at large cannot know of the actions of the 1917 class team without words, a few of the latter will not be out of place.

In our Freshman year, the team created quite a sensation by winning both the Sophomore and Junior games. The Junior score was 14-13, and the Senior loss was not so great as to disgrace us. During Sophomore year there were no girls' inter-class games, but Junior and Senior years were "grand slams" for 1917 since we won all our games of those two years. Perhaps one reason for this success is that four members of the team have also been members of the school team for three years.

The cup, which was put up by the Faculty in 1916, has been in the possession of the Class of '17 ever since. Our one regret is that it was not up one year sooner, since it has to be won three years in succession by the same class before that class can keep it. This has added much interest and enthusiasm to the games, and this year, especially, class spirit showed up strongly.

G. Fismer was captain in Freshman year, and B. Teall in Junior year. The line-up this year was as follows: G. Fismer, E. Thompson, F. Cleland, E. Lambert, B. Teall, E. Noble.

E. NOBLE, Captain.

1916 *Boys' Class Team* 1917

As usual the Class of 1917 won the basketball interclass series. Their team was composed of practically all varsity men and went through the season without losing a game.

The Juniors finished second, followed by the Freshmen and Sophomores.

The Senior line-up:

E. Bell, Capt.,
J. Kyte,
D. McCroddan,
H. Saile,
F. Berdan,
C. Walker.

E. BELL, Capt.



Track Team

THIS year's team was composed of about twelve fellows who practiced regularly and put forth their best efforts. Since none of the runners had any previous training for cross-country, and the team was handicapped by the lack of a coach, the results did not compare very favorably with those of previous teams.

At Passaic on November 26, with two men missing, Bloomfield ran a hard race in the triangular meet and tied Passaic for first place. East Rutherford's score did not count.

A week later Bloomfield journeyed to Passaic again to compete for the trophy, a silver cup; only the same men who ran in the first race were qualified to run in the second. Bloomfield won the race by the score of 16-20. Randall, Felton, Keohane and Wright finished first, third, fourth, and eighth respectively.

Earlier in the season B. H. S. finished third in the triangular meet with Barringer and De Witt Clinton. In the Columbia meet the team was far down on the list when the scores were tabulated.

East Side High School won a victory over Bloomfield on our course. Randall finished first, Felton eighth, and Cox ninth.

The team will have practically the same fellows next year and it is the sincere hope of the track team that it may have a coach, so that Bloomfield may again come to be recognized as a leader in track activities.

Winners of the "B": Capt. Felton, Randall, Dougherty, Allen, Wright, Weinsiemer, Martin, Keohane and Cox. Martin was elected captain.

W. H. COX, Manager.



FOUR WAYS TO LEAVE SCHOOL.



The Latin Club

<i>President</i>	Josephine Bouton,	'17
<i>Vice-President</i>	Edmund Vogelius,	'18
<i>Treasurer</i>	Jean Saville,	'17
<i>Secretary</i>	Dorothy Lawrence.	'18

"Ubi Mel Ibi Apes"

THE Latin Club entered upon its tenth year with the intention of making it the best and most successful year of its life. Early in October the first meeting was held at which officers were elected and the meetings planned for the year.

As it was our intention and desire to present a statute to the school, a benefit performance of "Quo Vadis" was given at the New Empire Theater on December first. This was a great success because of the splendid co-operation of the whole school in the selling of tickets.

At the monthly meetings interesting papers and talks were given pertaining to the different phases of Roman life. These were followed by a social hour during which games were played and tooth-some dainties enjoyed.

The important social event of the season was the Latin Club dinner, which was given on the twentieth of April. Many of the faculty together with Latin Club members and their guests gathered around the long table in the main corridor. The table decorations were Roman purple and gold interspersed with the Stars and Stripes. After the dinner the guests adjourned to the dining room where they participated in Roman games.

The statue of Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom, which was presented to the school on May eighth, added the finishing touch to the assembly room, already beautified by former gifts of the Club. As in previous years, the Club feels its success due to the earnest efforts of its Honorary President, Miss Maude C. Gay.

EVA THOMPSON, '17.



Choral Class and Orchestra

Musical Director..... Miss Lulu Robinson

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	Floyd Berdan
<i>Vice-President</i>	Marion Haskell
<i>Secretary</i>	Josephine Bouton
<i>Treasurer</i>	Frank Christie
<i>Librarian</i>	Kenneth Ritscher

Nineteen hundred and seventeen has seen both these organizations advanced many spaces up the scale of success. A splendid showing of school spirit has made this possible.

The first big event of the season was a bacon bat which took place in Davey's Woods one evening in October. When all refreshments had disappeared, the members sat around the fire and sang almost every song that has ever been written.

The Choral Class has worked enthusiastically at the Wednesday afternoon meetings. The Class has twice appeared in Assembly, and by the time this "Annual" is printed will have sung at the Memorial Day exercises on May thirtieth. The Double Quartettes of Male and Mixed voices are an important department of the Choral Class.

Every Friday morning the Orchestra has come out in full force for rehearsal. It has held together well and has done considerable extra work. The members have shown themselves willing to perform when asked to do so. With the greater

variety of instruments which we are expecting from the coming classes, the Orchestra's future will be very bright.

The Ninth Annual Concert which was given on March twenty-third was followed by a dance. It was a great success. A large attendance enabled us to give one hundred dollars and fifty cents to the A. A.

The Choral Class and Orchestra have instituted a new departure in the social affairs of B. H. S. Twice we have given an afternoon dance in the gym. All who went had a good time and hope that everyone may enjoy the same privilege next year.

Any success that these organizations have had this year has been due to the patience and zeal of Miss Lulu Robinson. It is through her efforts that all these activities have taken place.

May the Choral Class and Orchestra always have such a happy share of the work and fun in B. H. S.

JOSEPHINE BOUTON, Sec.

Who's Who in B. H. S.

(Initial Indication)

General Manager
Ever Looks Diginified
Efficiently Judges Latin
Reviews Lost Monarchies
Multiplicat et Dividit
Exercises Classes Rigorously
Often Multiplies Time
After Many Stories
Art's Perfect Teacher
Can't Look Cross
Especially Recommends Painting
Frequently Analyzes Drama
Judges Pupils' Hypotheses
Grammar Critic
Manages Collecting Goddesses
Our Renowned Scientist
Often Judges Watts
Watches Every Movement

Has Real Kindness
Ever Stands Straight
Cooks Everything Satisfactorily
Always Fraternally Kind
Works Like Forty
Heurense Reine
Forever Lectures Algebra
Jots Every Word
Commends Darwin's Lingo
Assumes Divers Characters
Agriculturist and Painter
Saws Every Morning
Kindly Corrects
Excellent Scribe
Likes Lilting Roundelay
Exceptionally Happy Worker
Jolly, Sanguine Stranger

XB. COMPOSITE.

Faculty Department

Don'ts for the Teachers

1. Don't keep pupils after school. It wastes your time and has no effect upon them.
2. Never call upon a pupil who hasn't prepared his lesson. You get no results and only cause him needless embarrassment.
3. Don't offer sarcastic advice to a pupil. He might follow it.
4. Never let more than two friends sit together in study hall. A third interrupts conversation.
5. Don't flunk the pupils. Red ink spoils the looks of a report.
6. Don't smile upon the pupils every morning as if you were glad to see them. They are well versed in the art of deception.
7. Don't think you've discovered a funny joke just because the pupils laugh at it. They'd laugh at anything if they thought it would raise their marks.

V. GILSON, '17.

Ballad of the Quavering Quartet

(Sung at Latin Club Dinner, April 20, 1917.)

- A stands for Andrus so tall and so staid,
Of him the poor pupils are awfully (?) afraid.
- C is for Crosby and Crissey, Carruth,
Three very fine teachers, we like them forsooth!
- D Draper our principal so gentle but firm,
And Davidson and Dickerson the "freshies" concern.
- F is for Foley and Faculty, too,
We love them, we love them, oh yes, yes, we do!
- G is for Miss Gay, whose best friends are books,
- H is for Haupin, who's proud of his looks.

- K is for Koehlers, two stalwart young men,
They make so much racket, you'd think they were ten!
- L is for Lawrence, the King of the Greeks,
Oh, no, I'm mistaken, it's Latin he speaks!
- L is for Long, oh long, long ago,
We once had a Long, but oh where did he go?
- M is for Morris and Marsden, please stop!
If we take any more we most surely will drop.
But along came friend Morton and also friend Matz,
He doesn't like the girls, 'cause he thinks they are—bats.
- P is Miss Palmer so stately and tall,
- R is Miss Russell who plays basketball.
And also Miss Rawson and Robinson, they are two little blondes with their sweet little way.
- S is Miss Ann Smith, Woolley's best friend we know,
It's Woolley, oh Woolley, wherever we go!
Miss E. Smith and Stevens our troubles consume,
But Miss Schauffler inhabits our favorite room.
- S is for Smiley with black glossy curls,
And S is for Stover, who likes little girls.
- T for Miss Terhune, a good-natured feller,
- W is for Walrath and Miss Jennie Weller,
And it's also for Wyman, our teacher supreme,
"Uebersetzen Sie bitte," oh, how she does beam!
- Z is for Zeidler, we like him, we do,
And as for these jingles we'll leave them to you!

J. EGAN, '17.

Still at Their Old Tricks

ANTHONY C. ZACHAREVICH sat comfortably in a Morris chair with a Peck of Asburys at his side and his feet resting on one of the beautiful Matz (mats) which surrounded the chair. He was reading a Balla(r)d of a Cunning pirate ship which had sailed from the Murdock on Cleland and was skimming over the Crissey (sea) with its huge Saile outspread to the wind. There was a plentiful Suplee (supply) of Teall and Fish in the larder and the ship's Cook and Baker anticipated no food shortage.

Everything was going splendidly and all hands were happy, until one day the sailors saw that the ship was Hedden toward a huge Stone. Excitement ran high and the seamen ran to and fro.

Just at this point someone rang the Bell and Zach changed his Gay and Smiley expression for one of Wal-rath. He was as mad as a Cros-by (bee).

His old classmate Sid Koppel bounded into the room and demanded Zach to tell him what the

noise was over in the Wood.

Zach made a Noble effort to calm the young man, and then asked him why he was so excited. "Wyman, what's the trouble? Did someone Raab you?"

"No, no," said Sid still panting, "Papa sent me on a pressing engagement, and as I neared the Wood I heard a rumble and saw colored Bells and Kyties flying in the air and oh!—I was frightened and I thought that I would run up here to see what you knew about it."

"Oh!" replied Zach, "so that's the matter. Well, that's nothing. It's only that chemical firm of Asbury and Cox, Incorporated, trying out some original experiments in their shack in the Wood. They used to do it in school but now they do it on a larger scale."

"Well," said Sid, "now I am relieved. I guess I will go. Good night, Zach."

"Good night, Sid. Be good."

Zach resumed his story.

WILBUR COX, '17.

Humor Department

One day Jack Taylor came to school with his face swollen on the left side.

Teacher: Mr. Taylor, you may put what you are eating in the basket.

Jack: I can't. I've got a sore tooth.

Saile (sotto voice): You might know he wasn't eating anything. The lump is on the wrong side.

Teacher: Write on one side of the paper *only*.

Pupil: What shall we write on the other side?

Found! on a Senior examination paper, the following definition of a tree: "A tree is a stalk of wood in front or in the back of a house used for many purposes, as shade, bearing leaves in the summer and shedding them in the fall.

Science Teacher: What is bark?

Pupil: An exclamatory noise made by a dog.

Senior: Wanna buy an annual? Only fifty cents.

Freshie: Gosh, if Fords were sold at 2 for 5, I wouldn't have enough money to buy a nut.

IN SENIOR LATIN PROSE CLASS

The lesson was on writing dates in Latin.

Miss Gay, giving out sentences: Were you born

on the first of April?—Mr. Cox.

Tibby: "Tee hee! April fool."

* * *

PERSONAL VENGEANCE HERE

Mr. Stover: What do they grow cactus plants for?

Clever Student: Revenge!

Side Remark: Kelly, dust off the electric chair.

* * *

Put the proper form of flee in the following sentence: John has _____ and has taken his horse with him.

Christie (sotto voice): Flees.

* * *

Teacher: How can we eliminate "ands" from our conversation?

S.: Use commas.

* * *

Miss Smith: What makes you think you need a comma there?

Dominie: Comma sense.

* * *

EXTRACT FROM A SENIOR ORATION

"Swimming changes weak boys into strong men and women."

* * *

Humor Department (Continued)

These words followed each other in a spelling lesson: perspiration, pneumonia, operation, disease. Next!

IN MATH CLASS

Miss Draper: Go to the figure and draw the board.

DISCOURSE BETWEEN A FRESHMAN AND A SENIOR

Freshman: I stood up for you the other day.

Senior: How was that?

Freshman: Well, some juniors said that you were not fit to associate with pigs, and I said you were.

Mr. Foley (cutting potatoes): What do you do when the eyes don't show?

Miss Draper: Give the potatoes an eye-opener.

Mr. Haupin: I'm going to give you a test soon. I won't tell you when. It will be either Monday or Tuesday, but it won't be Monday.

Mr. Crosby: If you want to fool in here, go outside.

IN LAW CLASS

Talking about Drafts.

Teacher: Payable at six days on sight.

Bright Stude: What if the man is blind?

Teacher: What are some destructive animals?

Br. St.: Lice.

Teacher: People always think of the things nearest their brains.

Prof.: What three words do the students use the most?

Stud.: I don't know.

Prof.: Correct.

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

Good report cards.

Short lessons.

100 per cent. in Latin.

Teacher: —and what is rarer than a day in June?

The bright pupil: The 29th of February.

THE REASON

Teacher: Alas, youth, you are better fed than taught.

Stud.: That's right. You teach me, but I feed myself.

HE WAS RIGHT

Fresh: I'm smoking a terrible lot of cigarettes lately.

Senior: You're right, if that's one of them. Cut it out.

Compliments of the Boys

PINK McCRODDAN	SPINACH SPINNING	BENNY ASBURY
CHICK SAILE	CATNIP CATLIN	PAT CUNNING
FAT RANDALL	JACK KEOHANE	FIREMAN DAVIS
SAM BUDAHAZY	MIKE HARRISON	JOE McCARTHY
JACK JOHNSON	TED LAMBERT	MIDGE ALLEN
JIM KYTE	OILER BELL	BOB TAYLOR
HANK WALKER	FLO BERDAN	ZOWIE HEPBURN
TED HEDDEN	ART KING	DOC. MARTINE
JERRY RICHARD	WOOS WOLFE	SHATS GEIB
HANK WITTBERG	CHIPPIE WALKER	COSINE AULT
BERGER	SOUP	WALLIE JORDAN
HUNKLE RAEMSCH	KEN GILSON	EDDIE ALLEN
RAI TROWN	SKY THOMPSON	OREGON LITTLER
JACK ANTHONY ZACHAREVICH	KEN RITSCHER	GERMANY WINKLER
BOB MARONEY	DAVE COLLINS	KID ROLOFF
KED THOMAS	PEST JONES	MICKY GARLOCK
NAT BOWEN	SKINNY SAVILLE	MORT SMITH
PHIL WEINSEIMER	COXIE	SPIKE EDLAND
ADOLPH BUTTS	SID KOPPEL	RISSLER
WORMS ROWLAND	LEGS PRATT	SHRIMP KOCH
FAT FISH	BOB FRANCK	GROSSIE
SPLINTER BOUCHER	COACH FOLEY	BUZZER
HERB. SUPLEE	ED VOGELIUS	FRANK CHRISTIE
DUTCH AMELUNG	STEVE GILSON	CHENEY
JIM EVERETT	PERRY LOESCH	GEORGE B. McCANN
JUNE HAWTHORNE	JIM BALDWIN	SHRIMP WINKLER
HOP. HOPPER	E. DOUGHERTY	HOWARD CLARK

HATLESS SALINGER
WINDY PETE FELTONIES
KAISER LOPPACKER
DOUG HOLMES
BUMP HARRISON
KID CHRISTIE
DARCY JAMES
MAC McCARTHY
MAC McMILLAN
JACK SICCANDI
SLIM BROWN

NUTTIE MINGLE
COW WILHOFT
MIDGET LOPPACKER
LOUD GRENGER
F. DE MOYNE
MAC MAGUIRE
HAM LINDSAY
DUTCH OSMUN
KATS WORTHINGTON
SKINNEY ASKIN
BOB GARLOCK

BILL CALDWELL
PEP KROHN
JOHN BOLTON
KEN BALL
PINS WRIGHT
SKINNEY SIMMONS
FRANK MITCHELL
BOB ROLOFF
ONIONS JOLLIFFE
MONK WRIGHT

Compliments of the Girls

MYRT CHARLES
DODY BOUTON
TIBBY THOMPSON
SHRIMP NOBLE
GIN. GILSON
PRI TEALL
TICEY
TED WOOD
JEAN BEVENS
KID HASKELL
PEG BALLARD
DORIS KING
HELEN MAE COGAN
E. DURR
ELIZABETH LAMBERT
EDITH COX
SIS BERDAN
MILDRED SCHOONMAKER
ELIZABETH JOHNSON

TODDIE VAN HOUTEN
KATE SCHWALM
JESS EGAN
FLO CLELAND
DOT HIGGINS
PEG EDWARDS
PETE COWAN
MIL INGOLLS
ELsie McCAFFERTY
FLO ASHBEY
WINNIE VOGELIUS
JOE HILDEBRANDT
BETTY DEMAREST
DOT CORLE
PEG TRASK
GINNIE GALE
POLLY PLEECKEB
BALDIE BALDWIN
STEPHEN MORRIS
GAIL WALKER

HELEN STEVENS } Heavenly
ESTELLE SEIBERT } Twins
SIMMIE SIMMONS
GRASSIE GREEN
PEGGY WESSELS
KAT RAEMSCH
MOLLY PRATT
BABE DECKER
BETTY BAKER
MIDGE DOUGHERTY
MABE WHIGAM
KID OWEN
ELIZABETH HATEMAN
MARIE RAAB
RENE PALLISER
JOE BILL
CHUTIE COLLINS
CHUBBY FEAKINS
SHORTIE CARLE
FRANCES WELTE

Senior Primer

A is for Allan, a smart lad is he.
B is for Briseis as bright as can be.
C is for Coxie, a Chemistry star.
D is for Dean, sailing afar.
E is for Evelyn, in Gym she is swell.
F is for Frances, who looks very well.
G is for George, whose art we adore.
H is for Hazel, pretty dresses she wore.
I is for Irene, who at cooking is great.
J is for Josie, who comes very late.
K is the knocks we receive in school.
L is for Lambert who tats against the rule.
M is for Marianne, a commercial is she.
N is for Navy boys, going to sea.
O is for Oration, that's hated by all,
P is for Perry, who's not very tall.
Q is for Questions, the teachers all ask,
R is for Robert, who makes farming his task.
S is for Schoonmaker, who lives on a farm.
T is for Ticie, who never does harm.
U is for Union that brings us all home,
V is Virginia, whose mind does not roam.
W is for Walkers, two lads don't you see,
X is the unknown, I'm sure we'll agree.
Y is the question propounded by Freshmen,
Z is Zacharevich, say it like "catch 'em."

LURA VAN TASSEL, '17.

School Song

COME and sing, all ye Bloomfield boys and girls,
Come and give a rousing cheer!
Join our line as we march along so fine
With hearts that have no fear.
Forward led 'neath the gray and the red
We will march in bold array.
So let everybody shout and sing,
For this is old Bloomfield's day!

Chorus

Cheer for old Bloomfield, Bloomfield must win!
Fight to the finish, never give in!
All play your best, boys, we'll do the rest, boys,
Fight for the victory!

True we stand to our Alma Mater grand,
Loyal children, one and all.
Firm and leal, our hearts as true as steel,
Faithful to her every call.
Long may wave over all her children brave
Her banner, proud and gay.
So let cheer on cheer ring out on the air,
For this is old Bloomfield's day!

The Senior Class

S is for Seniors whose virtues I tell
E is for Excellence suiting them well,
N is for Nonsense for which they don't care,
I is for Ignorance never found there,
O is for Orations which cause many sighs,
R is for Reasoning which makes them so wise.

C is Class spirit the aim of each one,
L is for Lessons that always are done,
A is Ability ever at hand,
S is for Service each renders his land,
S is their Sense of superior brand.

V. GILSON, '17.

School Yell

RIP! Zip! Wah! Hoo!
We're the people,
Who are you?
Fe, Fo, Fie, Fo, Fe Fo, Fum!
Boom! Get a cat trap,
Bigger than a rat trap;
Boom! Boom!
Cannibal!
Sis! Boom! Ah!
Bloomfield High School!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Cross Word Puzzle

I am in **Fish**, but not in meat;
I am in **Rye**, but not in wheat;
I am in **Euchre**, but not in whist;
I am in **Sample**, but not in example;
I am in **House**, but not in flat;
I am in **Math**, but not in trig;
I am in **Art**, but not in shop;
I am in **North**, but not in south.
Who am I? Freshman.

On the Completion of Our Course in Math.

Our feelings as we *complete the square* of our course in Math. are almost beyond *expression*. Our sorrow is without *limit* but our relief stretches out to *infinity*. We leave the charmed *circle* with our *reasoning powers* strengthened by a *series of progressions* into the realm of Pythagorus and Euclid.

Now that the study of Math. has ceased to be a *factor* in our lives, we go off on a *tangent* to *solve* the *extremely variable* problem of success. We shall *constantly* have to tackle *propositions* which will *test our means* of perceiving the *difference* between *possible* and *impossible* undertakings, but we have *formulated* this *axiom*—Be *square* and the *result* can't help but be *equal* to your expectations. The *solution* of all your troubles depends upon your *altitude*.

The *sum* and substance of this effusion is the unalterable *conclusion* that it is *positively ab-surd*.

VIRGINIA GILSON, '17.

Class Song of 1917

FOUR years back into High School came a class
Whose name was nineteen-seventeen,
Right away you could see there were good
workers
In this nineteen-seventeen.
Into every club and team about
They did quickly fly.
All the teachers thought there was no doubt
That they were the best in High. Hi!

Chorus

Come every one of you with us and cheer
For Bloomfield High.
We think it's just the very nicest school
Underneath the sky.
We've been very happy here,
But we must say good-bye;
So come every one of you with us and cheer
For Bloomfield High.

Senior year found us just as full of fun
In this great nineteen-seventeen;
Now we're glad our diplomas we have won
In famous nineteen-seventeen.
For we want to help the world along,
Where'er we may roam;
And we're going to do our very best
At the farm and sea and home. Hi!

Adapted Plays

SPECIAL FEATURES—1917

The Man Who Came Back—Noisy Davis
You're In Love—Mabel Chance
Out There—On the Farm
Oh, Boy—Ticey's pet expression
The Brat—Dody Bouton
Nothing But the Truth—Miss Draper's motto
Come Out of the Kitchen—Irene Palliser
The Eternal Grind—Homework
The Wanderer—Raymond Taylor
Just Wonderful—Our Senior Class
The Great Lover—Floyd Berdan
Within the Law—Miss Draper's Office
Love O'Mike—Tibby Thompson
The Very Minute—Mounting the Steps for Your
Senior Oration
Our Betters—The Faculty
Pals First—Fismer and Noble Co.
When Johnny Comes Marching Home—With an
Average of 48 in Math.

Automobile Definitions

Not Personal

Streamline body—L. Walker.
Super Six—C. Walker and his "6 ft. 2."
Wheels—Palliser, who is continually running
around.

Tires—Goggin, who never gets enough sleep.
Carburetor—Berdan, a good Mixer.
Magneto—Bouton, full of life.
Cas—Davis, always there with a story.
Crank—Half of the faculty? (Editor's insert:
Why half?)
Self Starter—Gilson, always starting something.
Brake—McCroddan in Math class.
Top—Geib, who tops our Chem. class.
Windshield—Saile, who stops all the stories that
are shot at him.
Steering Gear—Cunning, he steered our class
this year.
Bumper—Zack, who stood a lot of hard knocks.
Radiator—Kyte, who drinks more water than a
camel.

News from the Farm

Jack Taylor has been assigned to picking potatoes. Well, he won't have far to bend.

The Walkers anticipate backaches from bending
over to pick apples.

They didn't have a bed for Frank Christie, but
he didn't worry. He slept in the rain pipe.

Hepburn, the farmer that isn't a farmer, got the
measles rather than go to Bernardsville. I don't
blame him.

“The Isle of Opal Mist”

LONG, long ago when fairies ruled
This good old world of ours,
There was a quarrel, I fain must tell,
Among the fairy powers.

Some fairy dwarf bethought himself
That *he* should be the king.
The fairies laughed in wonderment—
They'd never heard of such a thing.

So when the dwarf explained himself,
The fairies laughed with glee,
And danced about in a tumbled ring,
For each thought *he'd* be king.

And when the inky black of night
Enveloped fairyland,
The moon came out, and with mystic charm
Laughed, at the Fairy Band.

The twinkling stars' mischievous light,
Shone down on the fairies' throne,
For there the fairies gathered now,
Each dryad and nymph and gnome.

And each his separate reason gave,
Why *he* should be the king,
But each with t'other could not agree,
So they fell to quarrelling.

And I blush to tell this grown-up world,
What a fight those fairies had
With peas for shots, and sticks for swords,
They fought, each man to man.

Then in the midst of the battle's din,
When shots flew thick and fast,
A great loud voice came through the trees,
Ah, 'tis come at last!"

So then, upon the fairy scene,
Valda, the giant-king came,
And, raising his monstrous heavy arm,
Cried, "Stop this bloody game!"

They dropped their guns, and swords, and stood,
In a shaking, trembling row,
Oh, what would this monster do to them,
Who saw them quarrelling so?

The gaunt-king spoke in a great, deep voice:
"You fairies have quarrelled, I see,
So for punishment, you'll go to another land,
Far above the foamy sea!"

And so he gathered the fairies all,
And ere the dawn of day,
He shipped them all to the moon, you know,
At least, that's what people say.

With the hush that came with the rosy dawn,
The violet, the fairies missed,
But the rose said they had been sent away,
To the Isle of Opal Mist.

The pale green waves along the shore,
All foamy and sun-kissed,
Flash rainbow colors and yellow gold,
On the Isle of Opal Mist.

The marsh-grass waves in the balmy breeze,
Murmuring songs as the pine tree does,
And 'tis known by those who never knew,
As the Island That Never Was.

But those who say that it never was,
Do not know of what dreams consist,
For far away on the mystic moon,
Lies the Isle of Opal Mist.

So when you're drowsing off at night,
And hear from the shadowed sky,
Childlike laughter, and weird, sad songs,
You'll know 'tis the fairies' cry.

And when we sleep, they come flying down,
And dance like a will-o-the-wisp,
But ere dawn breaks, they must go back
To their Isle of Opal Mist.

So when you hear queer sounds at night,
And to strange sighing list,
Just think 'tis the fairies on the golden moon,
On the Isle of Opal Mist.

By JESSIE EGAN.

*High School Representatives in
Active Military Service*

P. G. CUNNING

J. KYTE

G. DAVIS

E. LITTLER

W. HEDDEN

L. SUPLEE

I. BELL

D. McCRODDAN

D. COLLINS

The Martyr

HE lay there, half-unconscious,
His face turned to the ground.
Then turned and rose with shaking form,
As people gathered 'round.

He waved aside the doctors,
Then tragically he posed:
"I want to make a speech, dear friends,
Before my life is closed."

"I used to be an agent
For an auto that's well known;
And I want to warn you people
Before evil seeds are sown."

"I'm all tattered, torn and bruised,
As though cut up with a sword;
Consequently I shall warn you,
Do not travel in a—Pierce-Arrow."

J. SAVILLE,

From *The Optimist*, 1915-16.

From Poor Junior's Almanac

1915-1916

MORE headaches come from not thinking
than from thinking.
To produce a work of art you must first
master the art of work.

You will make a reputation, not by a single great
action, but by a long succession of little useful ones.

The rain that kept you from school is no wetter
than that which soaked you at the ball game.

Don't keep your noble thoughts for tomorrow's
poem; put them into today's prose.

If a man does not keep step with his companions,
it may be that he hears a different drummer.

Don't be a bore. Ride your hobby in the back
yard.

FRANK CHRISTIE.

The Secrets of Success Among Sportsmen

(Special interviews granted to Reporter on the
Optimist)

THE TENNIS CHAMPION

THE reporter approached the newly acclaimed tennis champion.

"Tell me," the writer begged, "how did you secure the perfection of your stunning delivery; the astounding speed and accuracy of your service?"

"Well," replied the champ modestly, "through killing flies. When I was a youngster I used to receive two cents a hundred for their corpses. I became so expert that I could kill 'em with either hand, flying or standinf still."

The champion went on to say that his business was ruined by a rival who circulated the rumor that our hero went the rounds of spiders' webs, robbing them of their hard-earned meals to sell as the fruits of his labor. This, he declared, was grossly untrue.

THE GOLFER

The golf champion laid aside his clubs and listened politely to the reporter.

"How did I become so accurate and strong?" said he, "I'll tell you: I never intended to take up golf. My desire was to be an artist. After some study I was able to do fairly acceptable oils. But I had a little dog who loved to walk through my colors and then over my paintings. It became necessary for me to keep a cane handy with which to hit him to dissuade him from his course. I got so clever at clouting Towser that one day after a splendid drive, I buried the poor beastie and took up golf."

The champion wiped away a tear and retired from the links.

D. LINDSAY,
From *The Optimist*, 1915-16.



JINGLES

ROBERT TAYLOR

Robert had a little Lamb,
Her voice was soft and low,
And every where that Robert went,
With him the Lamb did go.

THE WALKERS

These boys are surely tall and lanky,
But they're never, never cranky;
Girls as friends they've not desired
Because they haven't the habit acquired.

WILBUR COX

Wilbur is a noisy lad,
Especially when Miss Smith acts mad;
You ought to see her frown and say,
"Wilbur, take *this* seat to-day."

TED HEDDEN

Here is a little boy named Ted,
On groundless arguments he's fed.
We often wonder where he's led,
This little boy with the "great big head."

GEORGE RICHTER

Richter is our Artist,
As in drawing class he sits
Designing for our Annual
Until shoved out, he quits.

MABEL CHANCE

When Mabel takes a chance,
She's always sure to win;
For Mabel is a Chance herself,
That's where the joke comes in.

GRACE FISMER

Angling, gangling, rollicking Grace,
She swings by her toes at a furious pace,
She dances and prances,
And with sidelong glances
She gallops through life with a mace;
But she's serious withal
And whatever the call
You can't read her thought in her face.

EDNA WOOD

Edna Wood is a quiet lass,
Who rarely talks aloud in class.
Her secret ambition she told one day,
A speaker she'd be like Webster or Clay.

FRANCES WELTE

Frances is a funny lass,
She never knows a thing;
But when you see her in the class,
She knows 'most everything.

EDITH HAPEMAN

This lass, Miss Edith Hapeman,
Who seems to be so quiet,
Will make you toe the tape, man,
And almost cause a riot.

HELEN MAE COGAN

Some like them tall,
Some like them all,
But give Helen Mae
A man that is small.

JESSIE EGAN

Sing a song of Jessie,
A maid with snappy eyes,
Many a hidden fancy
Behind their mischief lies.

LOIS TICE

Of red-cheeked, bright-eyed, little Lois
What we'd really like to know is,
If her name does rhyme with joy—
This girl who always says "Oh, boy!"

GEORGE DAVIS

Now old George Davis
Was the Senior Class joker.
But he went to the Navy
And now he's a stoker.

HELEN MORRIS

Helen left us in the middle of the year
Because she had finished her High School
career;
But now she's back, we have no lack
Of former brightness and good cheer.

JOSEPHINE BOUTON

Every morning at eight fifty-nine
We see Dody running down the line;
All of a sudden we see her fall
Down in the mud she goes, head and all.

ELIZABETH LAMBERT

Elizabeth is a basketball star,
She catches the ball on a fly from afar;
Then throws it up, and down it comes
Into her arms and away she runs.

PERRY LOESCH

Perry, Perry, what a scar!
I thought you were a Chemistry star.
Frances certainly was bold
With that experiment, I am told.

FRANK CHRISTIE

Frank is making a pretty canoe,
We'll hope it won't leak when he gets thru;
On the "Morris" Canal he'll paddle along,
Singing many a merry song.

HAZEL BROWN

Hazel is a nice young singer,
In History Class she's one great ringer;
Singing songs we've never heard,
She's like a cute canary bird.

VIRGINIA GILSON

"Too many and's, too many er's,
Too many words ended with shurs,
Dot the i's, cross the t's;"
She is a critic one cannot please.

EVELYN NOBLE

Evelyn's very talkative,
Of mirth she is provocative
And merry glee!
She ripples on and on and on
As doth the sea!
Her manner is imperative,
Her method is superlative—
Yea, verily!
And when she talks, straightway is gone
Solemnity!

MARIE RAAB

Ah, who can it be?
Quite sure 'tis Marie;
She caused that awful rumble
With her sudden trip and tumble.

MILDRED SCHOONMAKER

Mildred would an author be,
She wrote a story once, you see,
About a lady upon the hill,
Whose husband died and left no will.

EVA THOMPSON

Eva is our "tee-hee" lass,
No doubt this fact you know,
For it is true in every class,
She has a "tee-hee" beau.

PALMER CUNNING

Palmer Cunning, where've you been,
Making such an awful din?
Don't you know that little boys
Shouldn't make quite so much noise?

HAROLD SAILE

Musician, athlete, good and hale,
All these things is Harold Saile.
A Fro-Heim Corporal quite renowned,
We guess he makes them step around.

MARGARET BALLARD

We know an energetic miss
Whose face gives forth a look of bliss.
A right good friend beyond a doubt,
Hasn't she ever helped you out?

JOHN GOGGIN

It surely takes much time
To write a verse for Goggin.
There's just one word will rhyme,
And that word is toboggan!

J. C. TAYLOR

Jack is a small man,
But never you mind.
He makes more noise
Than ten of our kind.

ANTHONY ZACHAREVICH

This good student all call Zach,
On each subject knows a pack;
Of success he'll never lack.
For ambition's at his back.

SIDNEY KOPPEL

We have among us one of fame,
Sir Sydney Koppel is his name,
He has a stately style of prance,
We think he's game to take a chance.

FRANK WITTBERG

With that of funny artist Rick
We tried to rhyme this man's name, Frank;
But as the names don't seem to stick
We'll rhyme it with his aim—a bank.

GEORGE HEPBURN

Hepburn likes the girls we know,
Though he never told us so;
What they think we can not say,
We'll find out some other day.

JEAN SAVILLE

Well, here's Jean Saville,
Who finds work a hill;
But climb it he ought'er
To be a reporter.

ESTHER MURDOCK

Still water oft runs deep,
With Esther this is true;
She seems a quiet lamb asleep
Until she turns her eyes on *you*.

VIRGINIA GARVIN

Virginia wouldn't like it
If I told you out and out;
But that she is some singer
There isn't any doubt.

BENNETT ASBURY

Here's the lad, get ready to shout!
Of inches he's not many;
His name? Oh, my, I've left it out;
It's simply little Benny.

ERVIN BELL

Here is a lad, a Bloomfield youth,
Whose name is Ervin Bell.
Some day he'll be, I'm sure, forsooth,
A famous Admiral.

LURA VAN TASSEL

Whenever Lura is feeling blue
She takes out her bright canoe,
Goes up and down the Morris canal
Talking and laughing with some old pal.

MARIIONNE VAN HOUTEN

Marionne studied commercial laws,
She wasn't noisy and she didn't fuss.
She wasn't dull and this is because
She began and she finished in company with
us.

MARGUERITA MONTERO

Marguerita is a sport
Who will laugh if you exhort.
She once caused a great sensation
Long before her graduation.

HARRY GEIB

Harry will surely be in it,
If the fellows will go in a crowd;
If he says it, he surely does mean it;
Of his sayings and deeds he is proud.

IRENE PALLISER

Rene just loves to cook and bake,
There's simply nothing she can't make;
Yet withal she likes to preen,
This young Senior girl, Irene.

BRISEIS TEALL

Twinkle, twinkle, honor star,
While we worship from afar;
How our bluffing must amuse
Which *you* never, never use.

ALLAN WILCOX

Allan, Allan,
Minister's son,
Grabbed a spade
And away he run,
The work was hard
But the boy was fit,
And he's out at Froh Heim
Doing his bit.

JEANETTE HIGGINS

Our friend Jeannette went away
To a beautiful Normal School;
She took our best wishes and stirs up the dishes
She makes by Miss Schauffler's rule.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON

Sing a song of 'Lisabeth,
A maid with coal-black hair;
A commercial lass, an excellent cook,
Is this girl who's free from care.

ELEANOR DURR

Eleanor stars in our early classes,
Especially the eight forty-five;
Into the room and out she dashes,
Sighing, "Oh, am I dead or alive?"

CATHERINE SCHWALM

Catherine likes the Hula Hula,
She never stops at that;
She has a friend who's a Boola, Boola,
But she declares, "He isn't fat!"

FLORENCE CLELAND

Long, lean and lanky is our Flo,
She declares she's never short of "dough" (?).
Wednesday night affects her queer,
For Thursday morning she's never here.

McCRODDAN AND KYTE

McCroddan and Kyte are masters of dancing,
To trip the fantastic, is their greatest delight,
Their mothers have purchased a set of new
carpets,
Because of the feet of McCroddan and Kyte.

FLOYD BERDAN

Flo's Ford still seems to captivate,
No one knows the reason why,
But Flo he says, "It ain't the Ford,
It's just myself, that's why."

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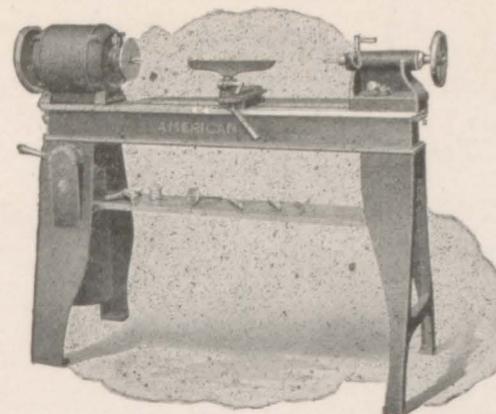
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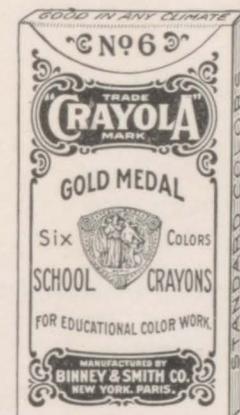
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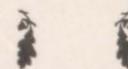
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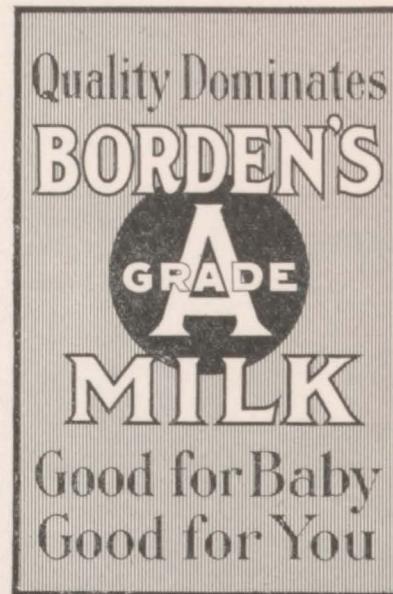
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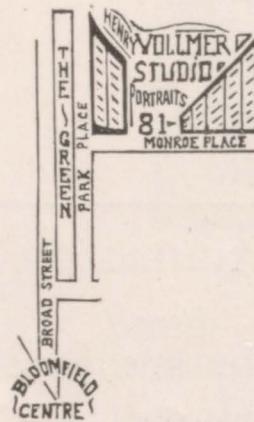


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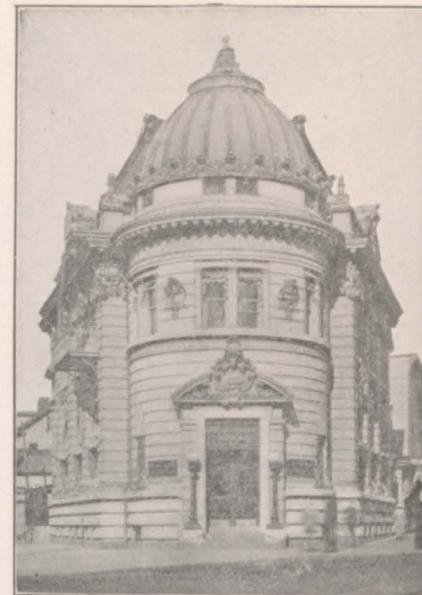
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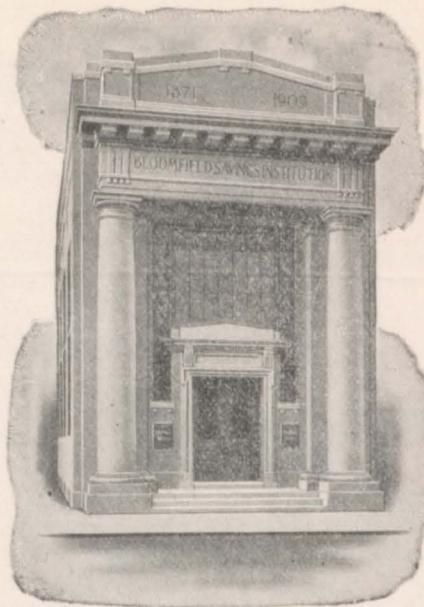
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